

# DEMOCRATIC BANNER

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A. J. PICKENS.

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## REMOVAL.

The Banner Office has been removed from Main to Water Street, in the building lately occupied by J. Richardson.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### The Rescued Criminal.

A great number of persons who knew the celebrated Dr. B., a professor of the college of Surgeons, have often heard him relate the following incident:

One day that he had procured the bodies of two criminals, who had been hung, for the purpose of anatomy, not being able to find the key of the dissecting room at the moment the two subjects were brought, he ordered them to be placed in an apartment contiguous to his bed-room.

During the evening Dr. B. wrote and read as usual, before retiring to rest. The clock had just struck one, and all the family slept soundly, when all at once a dull sound proceeded from the room containing the bodies.

Thinking that perhaps the cat was shut up there by mistake, he went to see what could be the cause of the unexpected noise. What was his astonishment, or rather his horror, on discovering that the sack which contained the bodies was torn asunder, and going nearer he found that one of the bodies was missing!

The doors and windows had been fastened with the greatest care, and it appeared impossible that body could have been stolen. The good doctor felt rather nervous on remarking this, and it was not without an uneasy sensation that he began to look around, when, to his horror and amazement he perceived the missing body sitting upright in the corner.

Poor Dr. B., at this unexpected apparition, became transfixed with terror, which was increased by observing the dead and sunken eyes of the corpse fixed upon him; while every way he moved, those dreadful eyes still followed him.

The worthy doctor, more dead than alive, now began to beat a quick retreat, without losing sight of the object of his terror, retreating step by step, one hand holding the candle, the other extended in search of the door, which he at length gained; there is no escape, the spectre had risen and follows him, whose livid features, which he thought of the hour and stunness of the night seem to conspire to deprive the poor doctor of the little courage he has left; his strength fails, the candle falls from his hand, and the terrible scene ends in darkness.

The good doctor has, however, gained his room and thrown himself upon his bed; but the fearful spectre has still followed him—it has caught him and seizes hold of his feet with both hands. At this climax of terror, the doctor loudly exclaimed—

"Whoever you are leave me!"

"At this," the spectre let go its hold, and moaned feebly these words—

"Pity good heaven! have pity on me!"

The good doctor now discovered the mystery, and regained by little and little his composure. He explained to the criminal, who had so narrowly escaped death, who he was, and prepared to call up some of his family.

"Do you then wish to destroy me?" exclaimed the criminal. "If I am discovered, my adventure will become public, and I shall be brought to the scaffold the second time. In the name of humanity save me from death!"

The good doctor then rose and procured a light; he muffled his unexpected visitor in an old dressing gown; and having made him take some restoring cordial, testified a desire to know what crime had brought him to the scaffold.

He was a desperado.

The good doctor, did not well know what means to employ to save the poor creature. He could not keep him in his house, and to turn him out would be to expose him to certain death. The only way, then, was to get him into the country, so having made him dress himself in some old clothes which the kind doctor selected from his wardrobe he left town, accompanied by his patient, whom he represented as an inmate in a difficult case upon which he had been called in.

When they had got into the open country, the wretched creature threw himself at the feet of his benefactor and liberator, to whom he swore an eternal gratitude; and the generous doctor, having relieved his wants by a small sum of money, the grateful creature left him, with many prayers for his happiness.

About twelve years after this occurrence, Dr. B. had occasion to visit Amsterdam. Having gone one day to the bank, he was accosted by a well dressed man—who had been pointed out to him as one of the most opulent merchants of the city.

The merchant asked him politely if he were Dr. B., of London, and on his answering him in the affirmative, pressed him to dine at his house; which invitation the worthy doctor accepted. On arriving at the merchant's house, he was shown into an elegant apartment, where a most lovely woman and two charming children welcomed him in the most friendly manner which reception surprised him the more coming from persons he had never before met.

After dinner, the merchant, having taken him into his counting house, seized his hand, and having pressed it with friendly warmth, said to him—

# DEMOCRATIC BANNER.

"UNITED WE STAND—DIVIDED WE FALL."

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LOUISIANA, PIKE COUNTY, MISSOURI, WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1851.

[NO. 52.]

"Do you not recollect me?"

"No said the doctor."

"Well then I remember you well, and your features will never be obliterated from my memory—for to you I owe my life. Do you not remember the poor deserter? On leaving you I went to Holland: Writing a good hand and being a good accountant, I soon obtained a situation as clerk in a merchant's office. My good conduct and zeal soon gained for me the confidence of my employer and the affection of his daughter. When he retired from business, I succeeded him, and became his son-in-law; but without you, without your care without your generous assistance, I should not have lived to enjoy so much happiness. Generous man! consider my house, my fortune, and myself, as wholly yours."

The kind doctor was affected even to tears; and both these happy beings participated in the most delightful expressions of their feelings, which were soon shared by the merchant's interesting family, who came to join them.—Blackwood's Magazine.

St. CHARLES, MISSOURI.—It gives us pleasure to lay before our readers the following statement from the St. Charles Chronotype. That flourishing town is one of the oldest in the State, and the county has a population equal in enterprise, industry and intelligence to any other.

"The city of St. Charles so far from being poor in a pecuniary point of view, is one of the wealthiest corporations in the western country. The special taxes due the city for the year 1851, amounts to \$1,633 53 1-2. The delinquent special taxes due for 1850, amounts to \$211 50.

"The common rents due the city for 1851, amounts to \$992 29. Delinquent common rents due for 1850, amounts to \$3 2671.—Delinquent common rents for the years before 1850, amounts to \$2,476 06.

"These amounts together make the aggregate amount due the city \$5,643 14.—\$2,655 82 is the amount of annual revenue from taxes without the license. Add the amount of license, as they will probably be fixed this year, and the annual revenue of the city amounts to \$3,070 82. Out of this amount, the city is bound to pay about \$730 interest upon two funded debts, which have seven years yet to run. Add to this the ordinary expenses of the city—the Mayor's salary \$50, six Councilmen \$36 each per annum, \$216 City Register's salary about \$100, about \$212 to the Marshal and Excise collector, and you find that the annual liabilities of the city amounts to \$1,307, leaving a balance of the annual revenue of \$1,668 82, and a balance including the delinquent dues for 1850 and the years before 1850 of \$4,786 09."

CURRAN'S CONTEMPORARIES.—CURRAN'S contemporaries were rare fellows at a speech, a duel, or a bottle. Curran himself fought several duels; and one of his rivals—the brutal Toler—actually fought his way to the chief seat on the bench of the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland, to a peerage, and to an enormous fortune. He was the bully of the government; and he was rewarded for his ready pistol in this manner. A curse, however would seem to hang over his descendants. His eldest son (the late Lord Norbury) was shot at the door of his own house; and a member of his family was cruelly and unjustly pointed at by Mr. O'Connell in connexion with this crime. It was clearly proved, however, that he was in England at the time; the fact transpiring in a trial for the maintenance of an illegitimate child, in which he was sued by a female servant. Lord Plunkett was likewise a contemporary of Curran, and much distinguished as a rising barrister. The lapse of ages however, will never be able to efface from the public mind the idea that Plunkett volunteered to prosecute Robert Emmet, albeit a friend of the prisoner's family; and though this celebrated man has denied the fact of 'volunteering' upon his oath, still he admits that he made such an address to the jury as the circumstances of the times required—in other words, an address to obtain the youthful enthusiasts conviction. And he was successful. The main facts, however, viz: that he was a friend of Emmet's family, and that his was the tongue which demanded the forfeit of Emmet's life, have never yet been questioned—they are unquestionable. Another important fact is equally unquestionable—namely, that Emmet only carried out into action of Plunkett himself, when in the debates on the Union that took place three years before, that great orator said, "I will resist it to the last gasp of my existence, and with the last drop of my blood; and when I feel the hour of my dissolution approaching, I will, like the father of Hannibal, take my children to the altar and swear them to eternal hostility against the invaders of their country's freedom."

From the Western (Mo.) Chronicle.

## EXAMPLE.

There is no preaching in the world half so forcible as that of good example. We have sometimes doubted whether a man ought not to be entirely satisfied with the force of example in accomplishing moral reforms. Look at its effects—in all the ramifications of society, how smoothly and quietly its machinery works. There is no jarring, no discord. The upright, honorable citizen walks throughout the community, pursuing his duties without ostentation or parade—satisfied to keep an eye on his own conduct, without reproaching his neighbor, or without pharisaically thanking his God that he is not as other men are—and he does more in giving correct tone to society, than all the noisy declaimers, who take society, with all its manners, customs, and morals under their especial keeping—who chide, and reprove, and threaten, the faults of others. The pious Christian, who permits not the right hand to know what the left hand doeth—whose intercourse with his God and his fellow men, is regulated by the Holy Scriptures—and whose rule of conduct is to do unto others as he would have them do unto him—will do more by the influence of his example, to win him from the paths of vice, than all the pulpit declamation of the day. He is a burning and shining light to those around him; man cannot associate with him, cannot even observe his godly walk, without being made better by it. We do not mean to impeach those whose province it is to dispense from the sacred desk the words of eternal life.—This is a holy calling; and they who fill it worthily should be honored of men. But we do say that the seeds of true piety are more frequently and permanently sown by the unobtrusive, unpretending, Christian, who practices religion for its innate goodness, than those who preach it from the desk, and especially, those who chide and scold, rather than warn and entreat.

But how few are there willing to practice virtue for its own reward who do not take to themselves credit for every good act they perform and upon their own claims constitute themselves the guardians of their neighbor's conduct—make themselves the standard, and arrogate the right to censure and reprove. A sacred writer tells us that "true charity vaunteth not itself, and is not puffed up." If men could be contented to do right—to regulate their actions by the square of virtue and illustrate by their daily walk, the beauties of an upright life, how much more forcible would be their teachings. But human nature is proud and vain. Applause must follow in their wake or their happiness is marred. We see it all through society. One man prides himself upon his dignity and refinement; but from the lofty eminence on which his vanity places him, he is too apt to look down with sneering pity and contempt, upon the vulgar herd around him. He constitutes himself the censor morum of his neighbor's conduct, and contracts his brow, and chides a want of what he is pleased to term "refinement." It is not enough that he has reached immaculate perfection in "dignity and refinement" of character himself, but his neighbor must come up to it likewise, or must be made to feel the lash of his reproof. There is a good deal of mock-dignity and mock-refinement in this world of ours, and its possessors not unfrequently mistake it for the genuine article. And it is most usually this class that undertake the work of lecturing others.—The fruits of example are of too slow a growth to suit them. But they may live to learn that all great moral and social reforms are accomplished through the quiet and beautiful workings of living example. Human nature is stubborn; if you attempt to force it, but gentle when you persuade, will win when you convince. It is sometimes the case with the newspaper Press that they forget their own dignity in lecturing others for the want of it—it is often the case with men in private life. There is a great deal of sound sense and beauty in the words of Tupper, on this point:

"Wilt thou be counted wise, and gain the love of men,  
Let unobtruded error escape the frown of censure,  
Nor lift the glass of truth alway before thy fellows."

"Ice produced by steam, and steam converted into snow, is part of the scientific entertainment provided for the visitors of the London exhibition; and surely the capabilities of the apparatus are among its wonders."

"A person being asked what a ghost said to him which he had pretended to have seen, replied "how should I know what he said? I am not skilled in any of the dead languages."

## The Presidency.

There is at present no little speculation as to who will be the candidates for the Presidency in '52. Several northern, southern and western gentlemen are spoken of, and their claims are being advocated by the various interests of the country. By some it is contended that Lewis Cass and Henry Clay will and should be the democratic and Whig nominees—by others, that the mantle of power will fall on Houston and Scott. Douglass, the "little giant," and Gen. Lane, the "Marion of the Mexican war," and R. Moore and Crittenden, have also a host of warm advocates.

And what is somewhat remarkable among other strange things, that old Bullion, i. e. Thos H. Benton the great defunct, is looked to by some of the northern people as an available man and fit to be the great "I AM" he has long and laborious aspired to.

Now, if there is one single Democrat (we do not mean an Abolitionist professing Democracy) south of Masons and Dixon's line who would, or who, under any circumstances, could be induced or forced to vote for Benton, his devotion to men must, at least be equal to his devotion to principles.

What claim has the "mighty fallen" upon the gratitude, affection or support of the true Democracy of this country? We do not decry his political wisdom or his ability as a statesman, but we do despise the use he had made of his powers—we do abhor his political trickery of faithlessness, his pandering to the wishes of northern fanatics and his disgraceful maneuvering for the Presidency.

When four-fifths of the people of the United States were in favor of the annexation of Texas, Benton opposed it.

When it was notoriously known that an overwhelming majority of the people were for vindicating our full claim to Oregon, he opposed it.

In reference to the tariff he opposed the system of ad valorem duties.

He seems to have lost sight of the Constitution and contends that Congress has the power to establish or exclude slavery in the territories.

He had very little conscience in appropriating the money of the general government, and in a speech, for certain reasons, vindicated the proscription of the Taylor administration.

The truth is Benton so inflexibly obstinate in will, so impudently tenacious in his opinions, and so utterly impenitent withal, that one could not make a more fitting prophecy of his administration than that it would be so proscription, so tyrannical, and its power so confined to a family circle that it would be incompatible with republicanism, if it could not be the commencement of causes which would ultimately destroy the harmony of our government, and effect the dissolution of the Union. Whether or not he would, if he were elected President, carry out the approved Democratic construction of the Federal Constitution as expounded by those whom the Democratic party has been used to recognize as its political sages, is entirely problematical if not seriously doubtful.

The man who has iterated (as Benton has) the fact that the Democratic party are the sole veins that loan prosperity and happiness, if not vitality, to our Union, and then sell his support and advocacy of those principles when they most need the assistance of the great mind, and barter the fruits of their triumph to fanaticism, and for fanatic's reward is as fit for "stratagems and spoils" as the soul that cannot be moved with concord of sweet sounds.—Cairo Sun.

REVIVAL.—Elders D. P. Henderson and John Jameson, held a protracted meeting in Marshall Mo., commencing on the first day of June, and terminating on the 9th, at which forty-six persons were added to the Church—among the number was Nathaniel Walker, now about seventy-five years of age—the first white man that ever set a foot in Saline or Lafayette counties. Up to this time, there is no place of public worship in Marshall, but during the meeting, the sum of about \$1,000 was raised for the purpose of building a meeting house.

ADVERTISING.—The following is a good illustration of the "peany-wise, pound-foolish" policy, which many worthy persons adopt: A man in Saybrook, Canada, recently had a farm for sale, and was advised to advertise it—he said he "couldn't afford it"—the farm was sold for \$1,500—the purchaser bought "on speculation," paid \$2 for advertising, and shortly afterwards sold the same farm for two thousand dollars! Comment is unnecessary.

Among the prominent benevolent objects of the day, for the relief of the down-trodden female race, we perceive the call in the New York papers for the formation of a society for the amelioration of the condition of women with *enervating husbands*.

In this country, a few days since, an Irishman "fresh from the old country," came across what he conceived to be a species of animal akin to a "wanny tribe," called an eel, and thinking it a good meat, he undertook to catch it alive by grasping it with his hand, the animal showing fight, he struck it with his umbrella, which stunned it, when he immediately grasped it close to its head, it coiled itself closely around his arm, he got it off in triumph to a neighboring house, where he was informed that instead of an eel, he had a serpent of the most poisonous character—a bonside rattlesnake, which if he let go his grasp, would strike its poisonous fangs into him, and result in certain death. He terrified Irishman was immediately released from his perilous situation, by the gentleman of the house, leaving the serpent and suddenly jerking it from the hand of the Irishman as he loosed his grasp. He declared that he will never be caught eeling again—especially on dry land. The captured snake was of large size, having several rattles. (Hart's Weekly Mercury.)

MORMONISM.—Onson Hix, in the Frontier Guardian, published at Kanawville, Iowa, says that he had a dream, in which he says:

"A manuscript book was presented to us, about the size of common letter paper. It contained about three quires. It was legibly written, and purported to be a translation from that portion of the sealed plates found by Joseph Smith, which he was forbidden to disturb. We read it, page by page, in the vision of the night. It contained nothing very exceptional. Nay, much of it was excellent teaching, but it was also shown us that it was a cunning trick of Satan's Ministers to cause the Saints to go the 'Iron Road,' or true Priesthood of the Holy one. We spoke of it to several of our friends and told them that we felt confident such a deception would soon be attempted from some quarter; and on Tuesday, June the 3d, we delivered quite a lecture in our 'Sanctum' in relation to it, and spoke warmly, and with some emphasis. We told the listeners that if such a thing did not soon make its appearance, they might say that no confidence could with safety, be placed in our impressions. At about nine o'clock p. m. of the same day, our Mail matter was brought into the office, when Lot and Be-hold, a proclamation from Gladden Bishop, of Kirtland, Ohio, was laid upon our table, announcing that he had obtained the 'sealed records,' and many more also. His proclamation breathed the same spirit that we noticed in the Manuscript Book that we saw and read in our sleep."

Now, hereupon, Onson proceeds to question the authority of Bishop's new veneration. We should like to be certain that his dream preceded the mail.

Dr. Johnson compared plaintiff and defendant in an action of law, to two men ducking their heads in a bucket, and darning each other to remain longest under water.

Quickest Trip ever Made.—The Fashion made her last trip from St. Louis to Louisville in forty-two hours, including several unusual detentions for wedding. She left St. Louis on Thursday evening last. Miss Daveport, who came round on her at the Burnet House.—[Cincinnati Nonpareil]

St. CHARLES HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS.—The Delta states that the foundations of the new building are finished, and the work progresses rapidly. The new structure is much larger than the old one, and will be superior in its finish and accommodations, with at least one hundred additional rooms. When finished, says the Delta, it will be by far the most splendid hotel in the world.

ASSUMING A VIRTUE.—The man without the "requisite qualifications" was yesterday seen "toting" an infant up Jefferson street.—[Burlington Tel.]

UP HILL AND DOWN.—Fred—was going to marry a poor girl. "Don't do it," said his friend, "you can marry any one you like. Take my advice—marry rich. Don't make a fool of yourself. It will be up-hill work." "Good," said the other, "I had rather go up hill than down hill any time."

An Irishman was once arrested for stealing sheep, and when questioned as to his guilt, denied the charge. Upon being told that a man could be found who would swear he saw him do it, Pat replied: "And faith, and I can find twenty men that will swear they didn't see me do it!"

This "wicked but witty" epigram, is from the French of La Fontaine:

"The world of fools has such a store,  
That he who would not see an ass,  
Must hide at home, and bolt his door,  
And break his looking-glass."

The eccentric Dr. Byler said one day to his servant: "Go and tell your mistress that Dr. Byler has put an end to himself." The girl flew up stairs with a look of horror at this dreadful news. The astonished wife and daughter rushed into the parlor—and there was the Doctor, calmly walking about with a part of a cow's tail, that he had picked up in the street, tied to his coat behind.